

"THE IMP!"

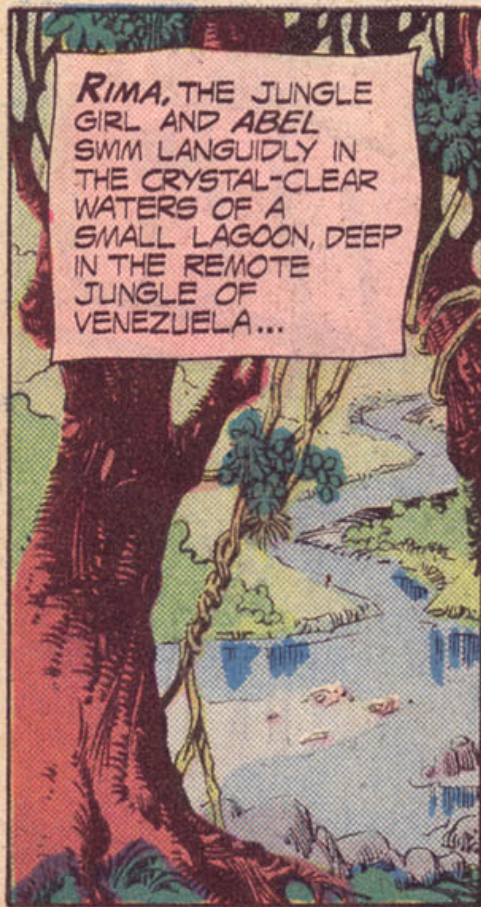
Rima

THE JUNGLE GIRL

25¢
NO. 7
MAY
30614



K. JOE
RUBERT



RIMA, THE JUNGLE GIRL AND ABEL SWIM LANGUIDLY IN THE CRYSTAL-CLEAR WATERS OF A SMALL LAGOON, DEEP IN THE REMOTE JUNGLE OF VENEZUELA...



THE PEACEFUL SERENITY IS SUDDENLY BROKEN. A SOUND... HEARD ONLY BY THE BEAUTIFUL JUNGLE GIRL...

ABEL! SOMEONE IS IN PERIL...



QUICKLY, ABEL WADES ASHORE...

I HEAR IT NOW, RIMA!

STAY BEHIND ME!



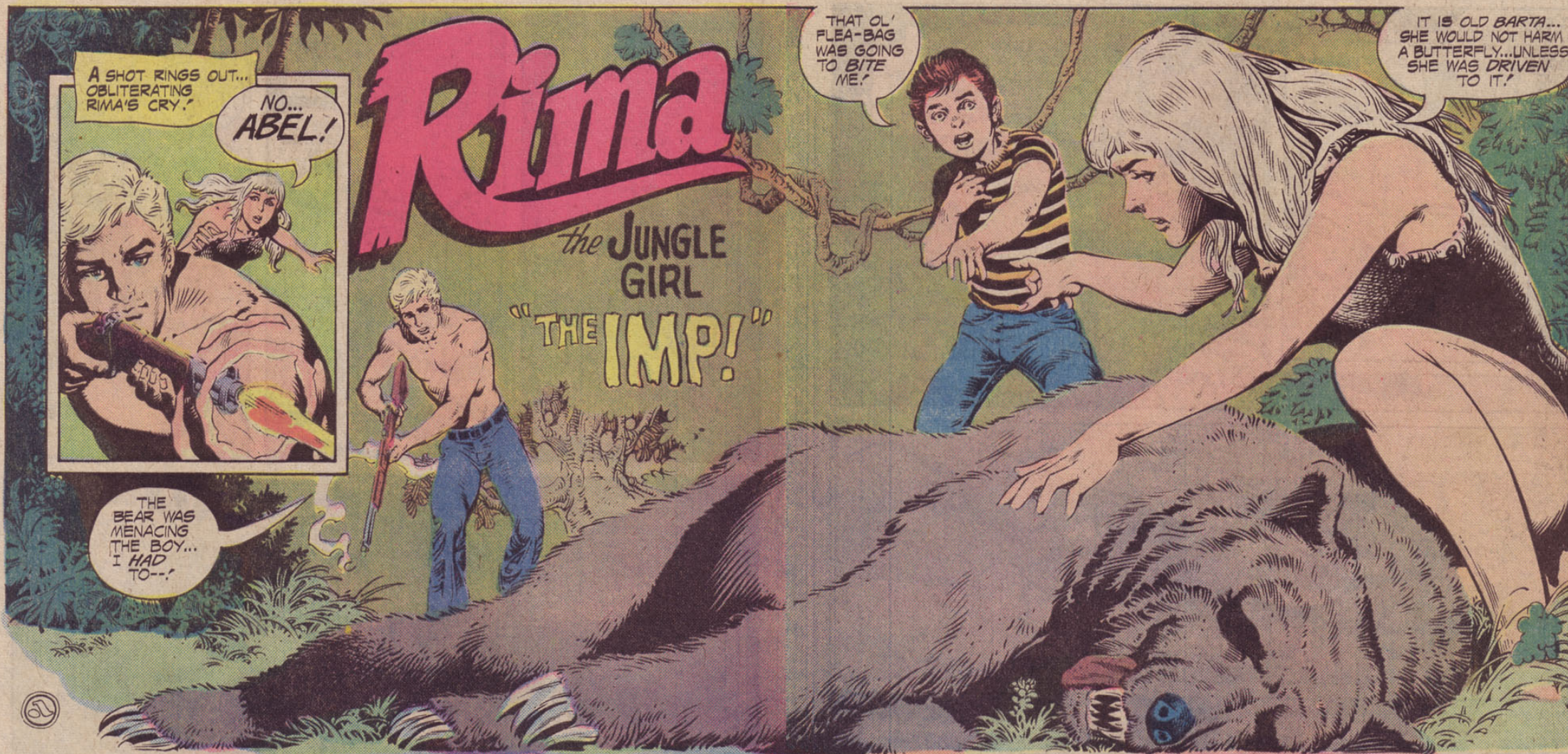
NOT FAR FROM THE IDYLIC SETTING, A HUGE BEAR STANDS ERECT...ITS SNARLING JAWS AGAPE...THE PROMISE OF DEATH IN ITS BARED FANGS.

M-MOTHER... MOTHER!

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A SHOT RINGS OUT...
OBLITERATING
RIMA'S CRY!

NO...
ABEL!

Rima

the JUNGLE
GIRL

"THE IMP!"

THAT OL'
FLEA-BAG
WAS GOING
TO BITE
ME!

IT IS OLD BARTA...
SHE WOULD NOT HARM
A BUTTERFLY...UNLESS
SHE WAS DRIVEN
TO IT!

THE
BEAR WAS
MENACING
THE BOY...
I HAD
TO--!

CECIL...CECIL!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I TOLD
YOU TO STAY
CLOSE TO
THE CAMP!

YOU ARE
NAUGHTY...IT
WOULD'VE
SERVED YOU
RIGHT IF YOU'D
GOTTEN
HURT!

YOU DO
UPSET
ME SO!

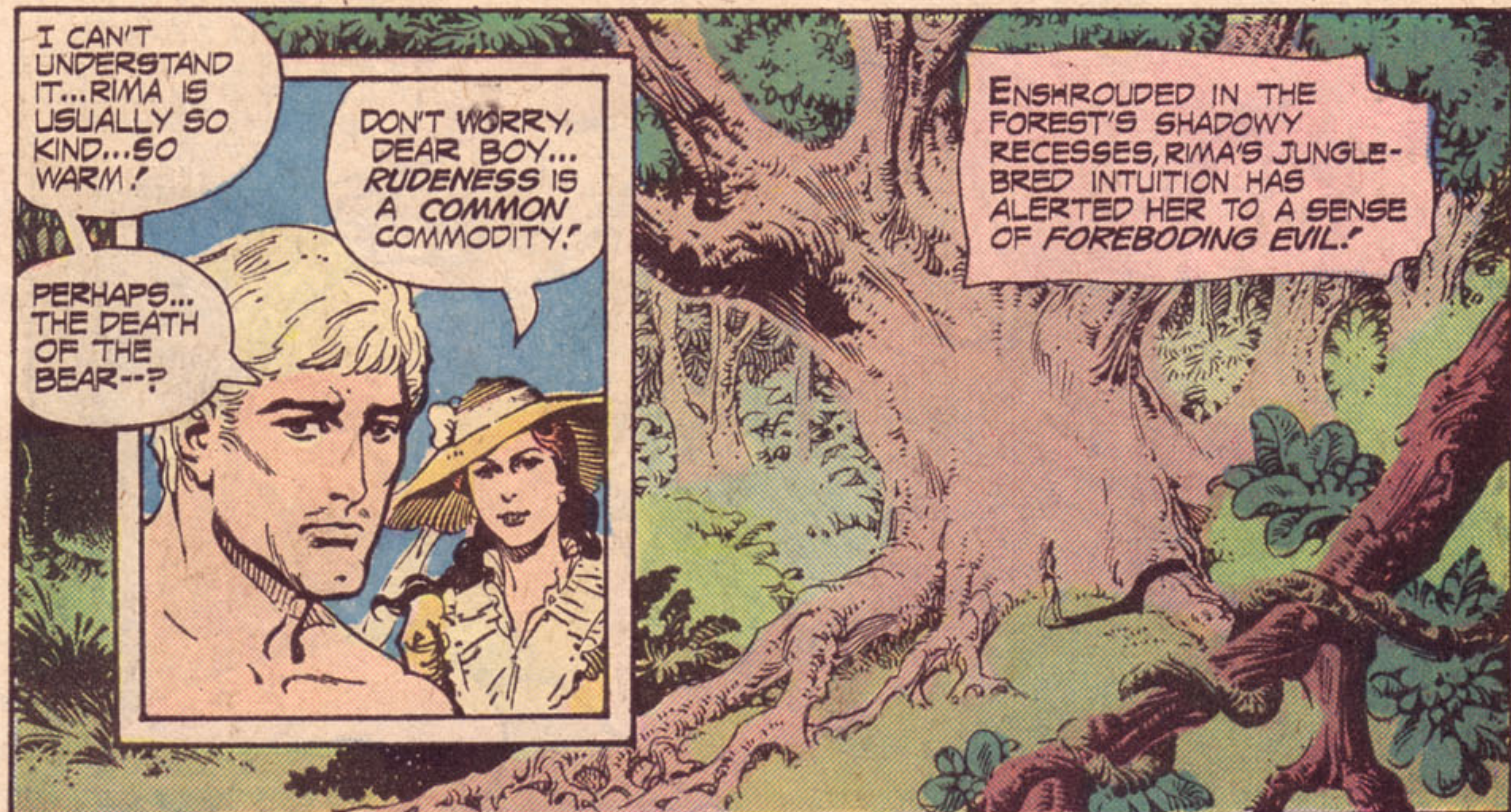
I AM MRS.
JOHN VAN CLEVE...
AND THIS IS MY
SON, CECIL!

HMM...IT
SEEMS YOUR
WILD FRIEND
DOESN'T CARE
FOR OUR
COMPANY!

RIMA...
DON'T WALK
AWAY LIKE
THAT! WHAT'S
WRONG?

I LIKE
NOT THE
SMELL
OF THIS
PLACE!

MY NAME IS
ABEL...AND THIS
IS RIMA! YOUR
SON HAD A
CLOSE CALL...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...RIMA IS USUALLY SO KIND...SO WARM!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR BOY... RUDENESS IS A COMMON COMMODITY!

PERHAPS... THE DEATH OF THE BEAR--?

ENSHROUDED IN THE FOREST'S SHADOWY RECESSES, RIMA'S JUNGLE-BRED INTUITION HAS ALERTED HER TO A SENSE OF FOREBODING EVIL!



I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU *PROPERLY* FOR RESCUING CECIL! WON'T YOU JOIN ME FOR DINNER...AT MY CAMP?

WHY... YES... YES, I WOULD!



IF RIMA IS CONTENT THAT WE PART...I AM CONTENT, TOO!

COME, CECIL...

I'LL BE ALONG IN JUST A MINUTE, MOTHER!



THAT BIG OL' BEAR SURE GOT MAD WHEN I BELTED HER CUB!

WELL... SERVES 'EM BOTH RIGHT!

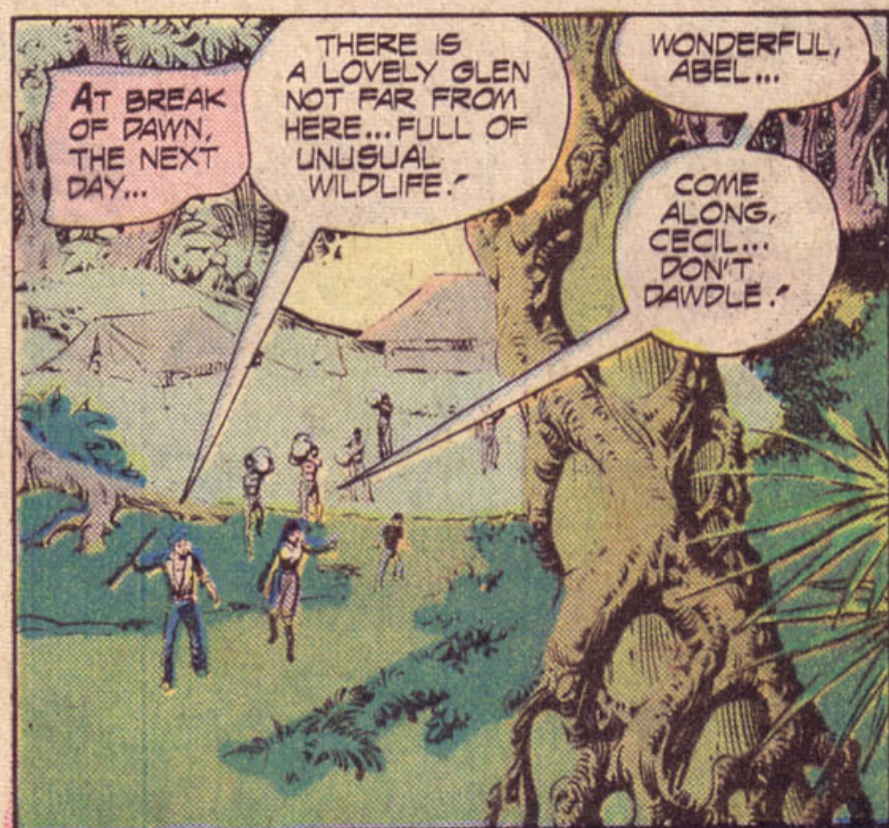
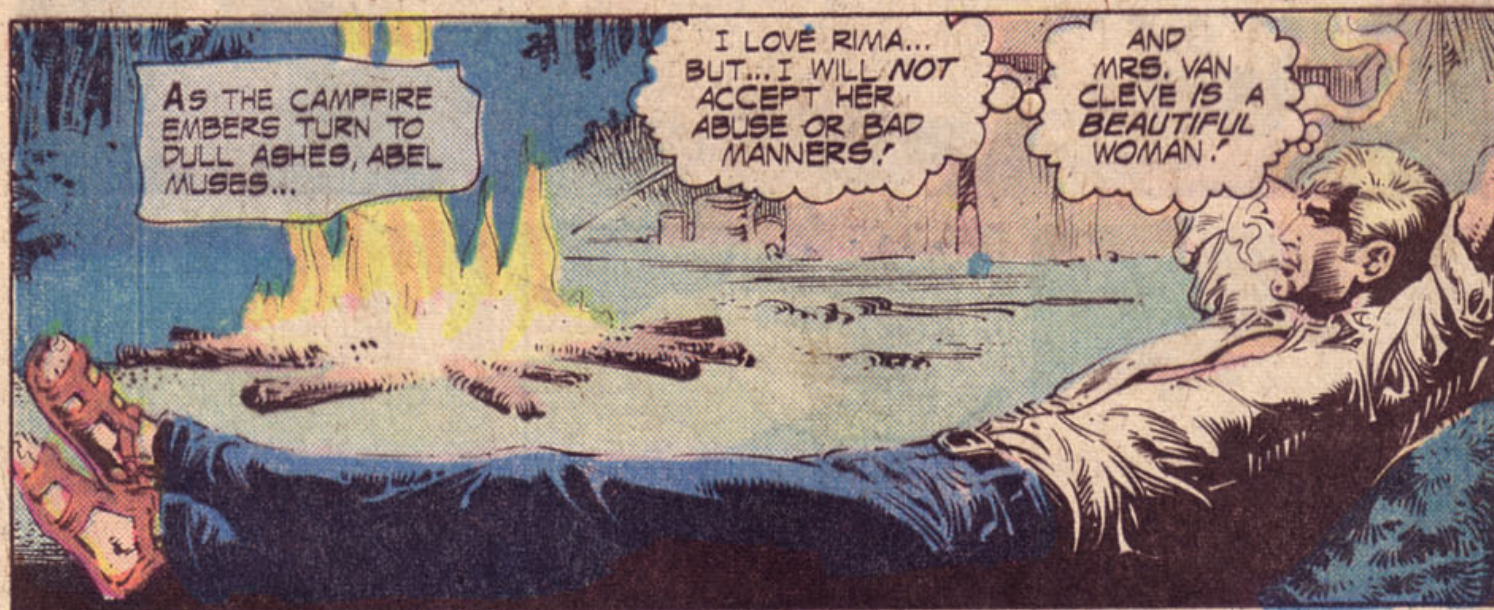


A WARM TROPICAL NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE VAN CLEVE CAMP...

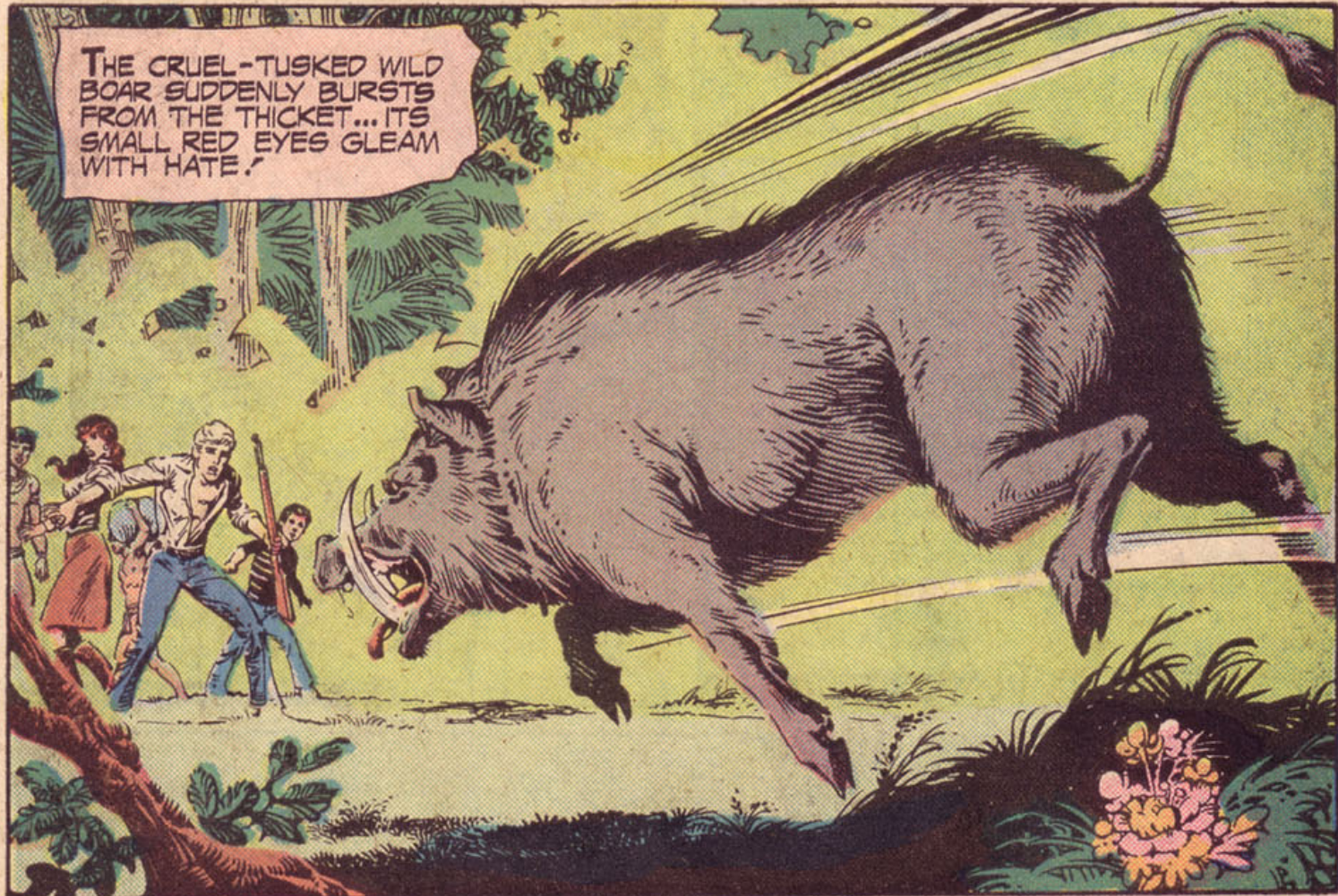
...YES, ABEL... I'M AFRAID CECIL'S FATHER IS INTERESTED ONLY IN BUSINESS!

BRING THE WINE, KOLTI!

CONTINUED ON 582 PAGE FOLLOWING.



THE CRUEL-TUSKED WILD BOAR SUDDENLY BURSTS FROM THE THICKET... ITS SMALL RED EYES GLEAM WITH HATE.

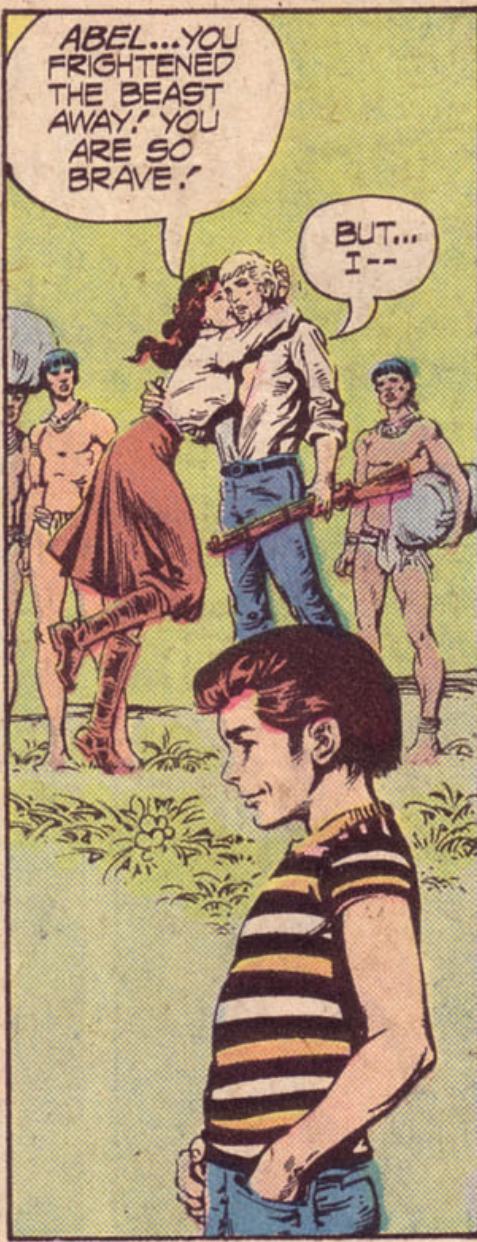


ABEL... YOU FRIGHTENED THE BEAST AWAY. YOU ARE SO BRAVE.

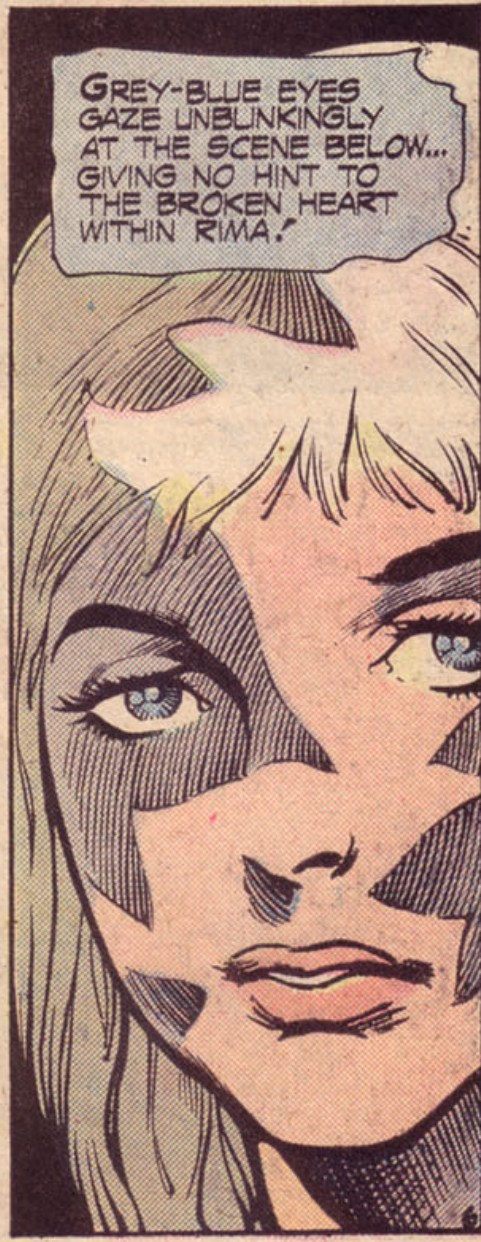
BUT... I--

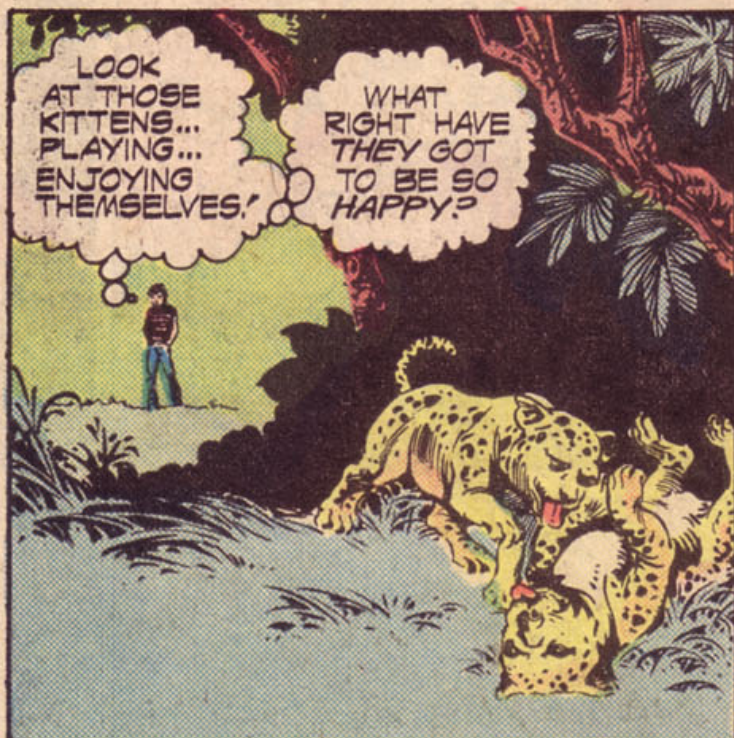
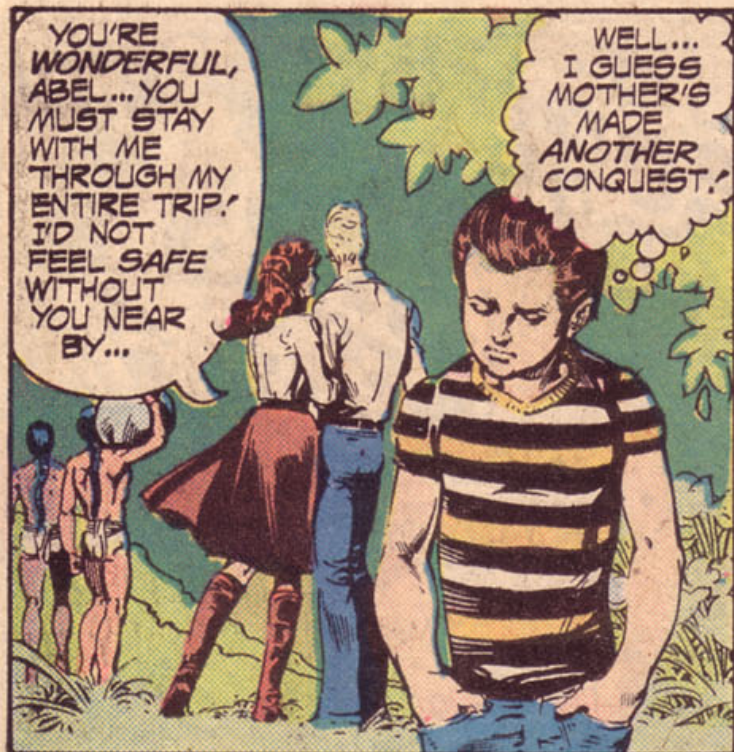


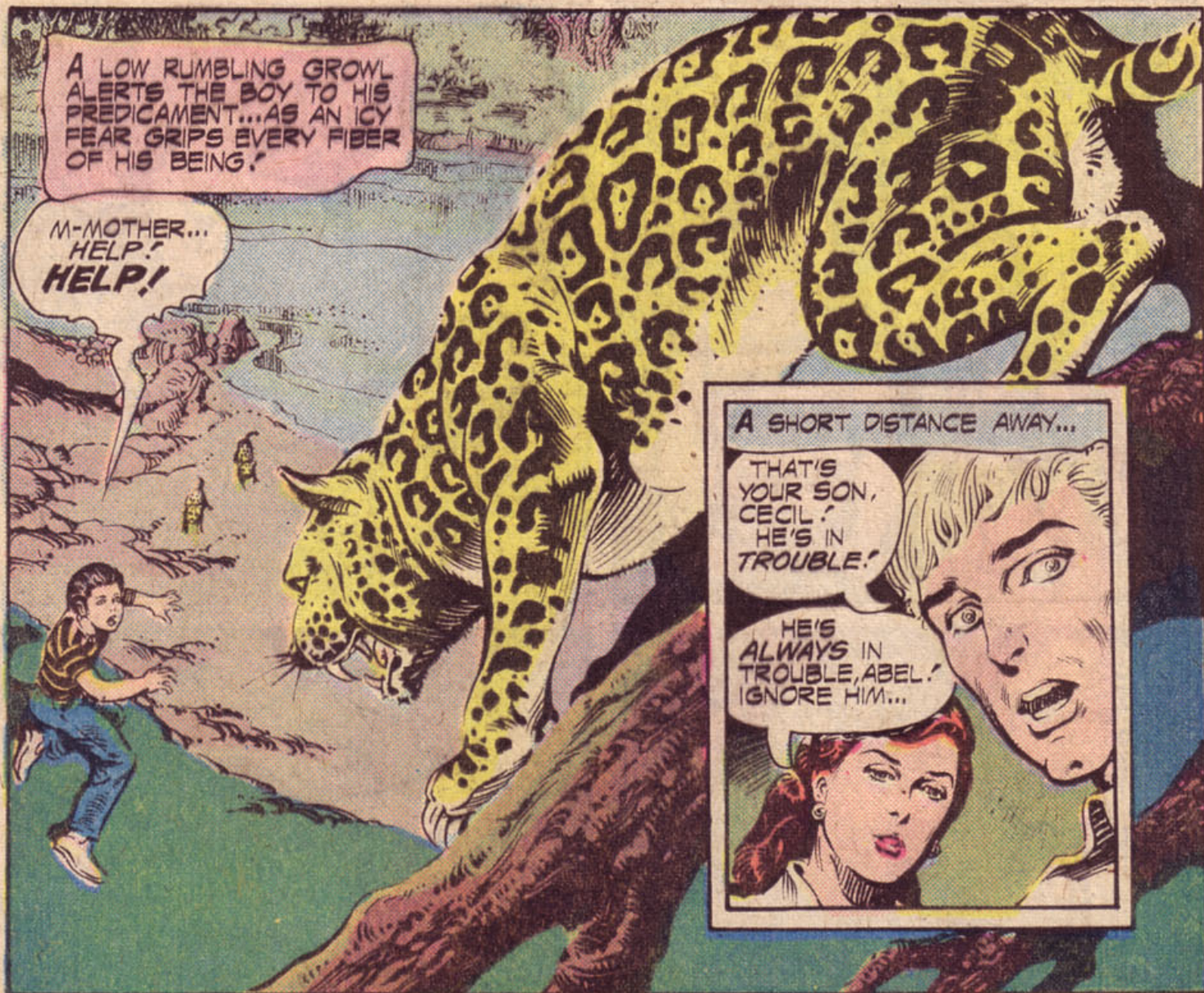
HIDDEN ON A LEAF-BEDECKED LIMB, A LITHE FIGURE EMITS A TRILLING NOTE HEARD ONLY BY THE RAGING TUSKER. IT STOPS IN MID-CHARGE... TURNS... AND CANTERS AWAY.



GREY-BLUE EYES GAZE UNBLINKINGLY AT THE SCENE BELOW... GIVING NO HINT TO THE BROKEN HEART WITHIN RIMA.







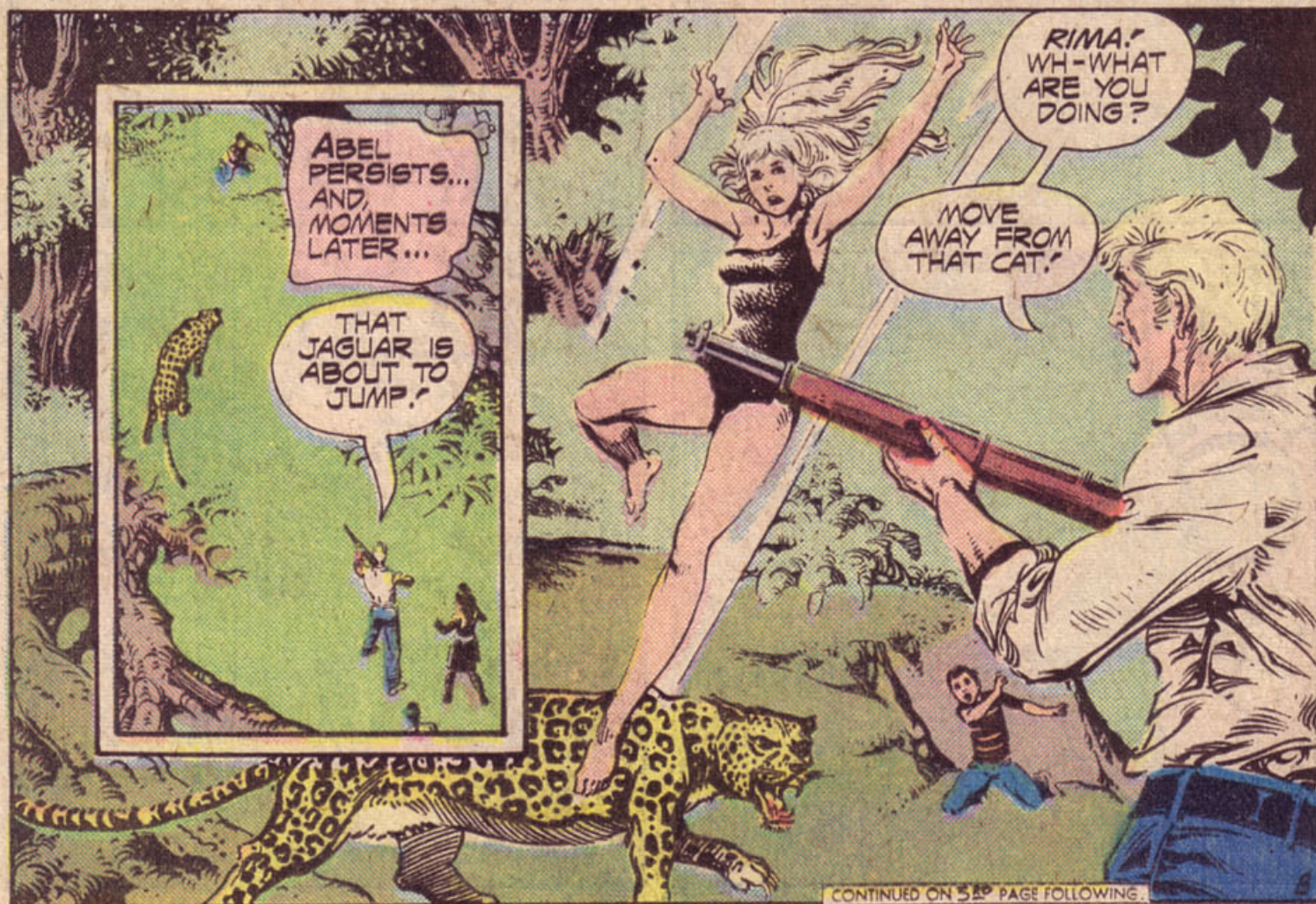
A LOW RUMBLING GROWL ALERTS THE BOY TO HIS PREDICAMENT...AS AN ICY FEAR GRIPS EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING."

M-MOTHER...
HELP!
HELP!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

THAT'S
YOUR SON,
CECIL.
HE'S IN
TROUBLE."

HE'S
ALWAYS IN
TROUBLE, ABEL.
IGNORE HIM...



ABEL
PERSISTS...
AND
MOMENTS
LATER...

THAT
JAGUAR IS
ABOUT TO
JUMP."

RIMA:
WH-WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

MOVE
AWAY FROM
THAT CAT."



AT RIMA'S SILENT
COMMAND, THE
JAGUAR STOPS...
PURRING SOFTLY...

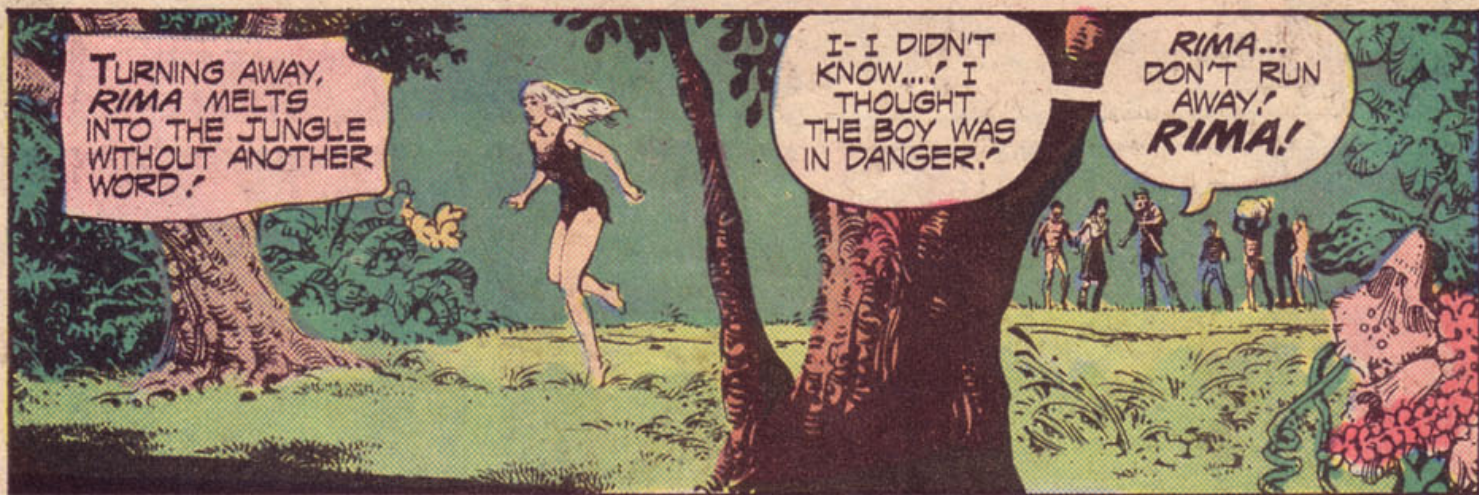


RIMA...
I COULD
HAVE KILLED
YOU BY
MISTAKE!

WHY
DID YOU
PROTECT
THAT SPOTTED
DEVIL?



BECAUSE
THE JAGUAR
WAS ONLY
TRYING TO
PROTECT ITS
OWN... IT DID
NOT DESERVE
TO DIE,
ABEL!



TURNING AWAY,
RIMA MELTS
INTO THE JUNGLE
WITHOUT ANOTHER
WORD!

I-I DIDN'T
KNOW...! I
THOUGHT
THE BOY WAS
IN DANGER!

RIMA...
DON'T RUN
AWAY!
RIMA!



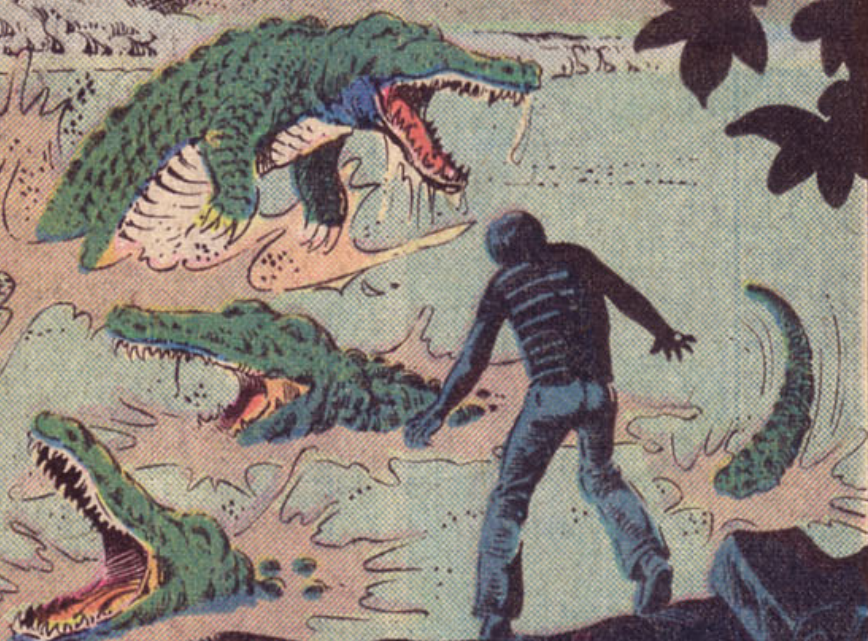
LET HER
GO, ABEL...
YOU'VE NO
NEED FOR
HER!



THAT NIGHT,
WHILE THE
VAN CLEVE
CAMP SLEEPS
...A CAN OF
VOLATILE
GASOLINE
IS EMPTIED
INTO THE
NEARBY
LAKE...

SHAKING IN SILENT
LAUGHTER, CECIL VAN
CLEVE ENJOYS HIS
IMPISH ACTION...

TOO
BAD NO
ONE ELSE
CAN SEE
THIS!



GYRATING WILDLY, THE LAKE'S
SCALEY SAURIANS LEAP FROM
THE GASOLINE-COATED SURFACE...

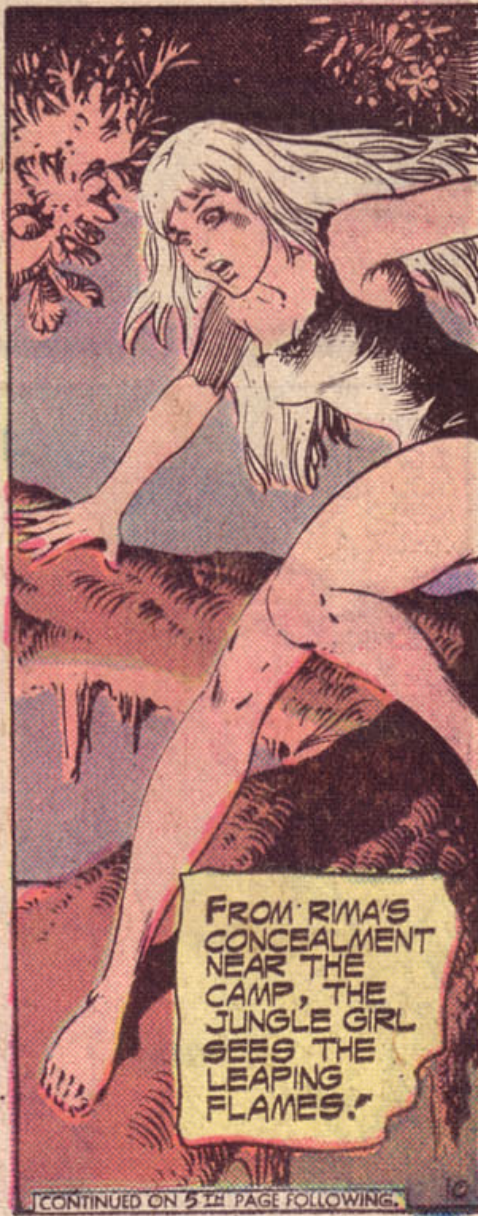
I KNOW HOW
I CAN GET
EVERYONE
TO SEE MY
JOKE...

THERE!

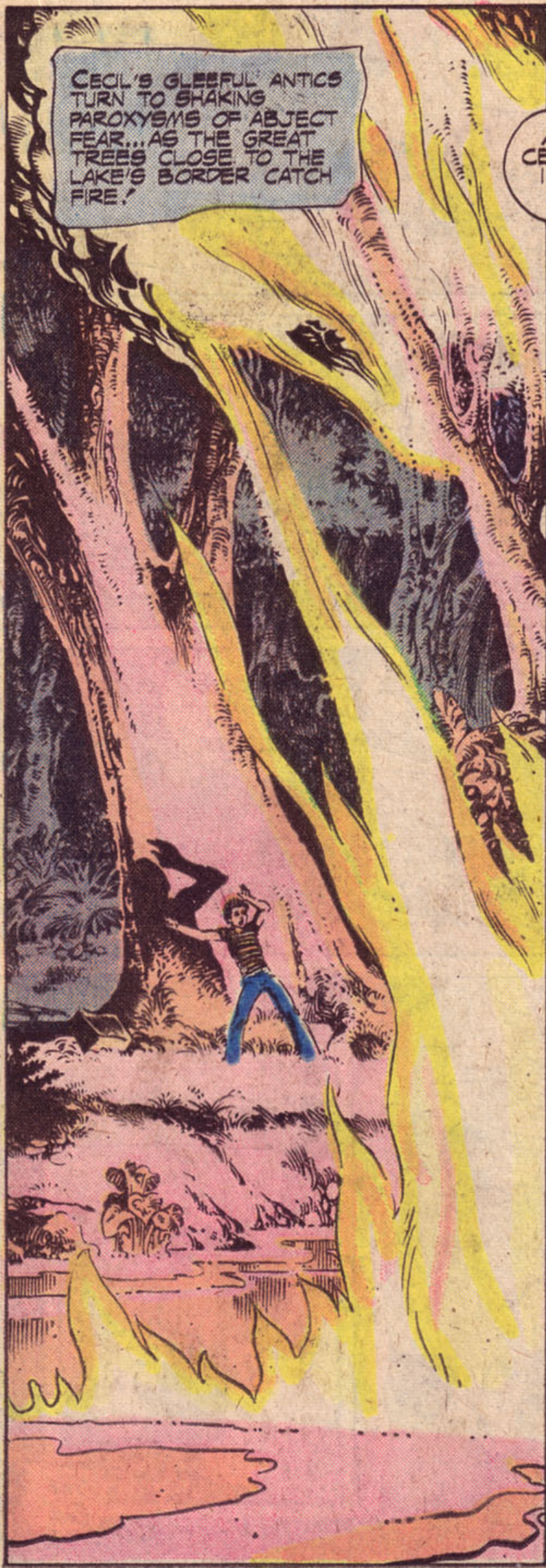
INSTANTLY, THE
FUMES IGNITE...
TURNING THE JUNGLE
NIGHT INTO A RED
HELL!



FROM RIMA'S
CONCEALMENT
NEAR THE
CAMP, THE
JUNGLE GIRL
SEES THE
LEAPING
FLAMES!



CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE FOLLOWING.



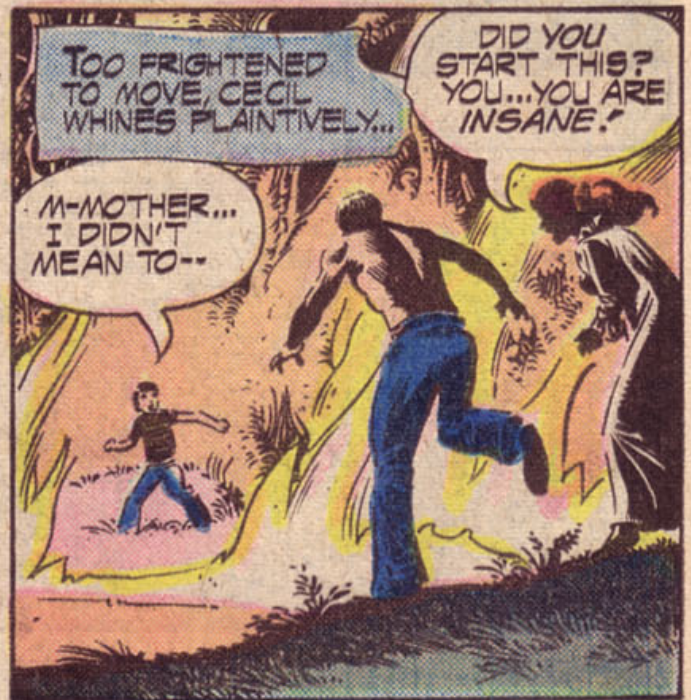
CECIL'S GLEEFUL ANTICS
TURN TO SHAKING
PAROXYSMIC OF ABJECT
FEAR... AS THE GREAT
TREES CLOSE TO THE
LAKE'S BORDER CATCH
FIRE.

AWAKENED BY THE
SOUND OF STARTLED
WILDLIFE...

ABEL...
CECIL ISN'T
IN HIS
BED.

THE FIRE
SEEMS TO
BE COMING
FROM THE
LAKE.

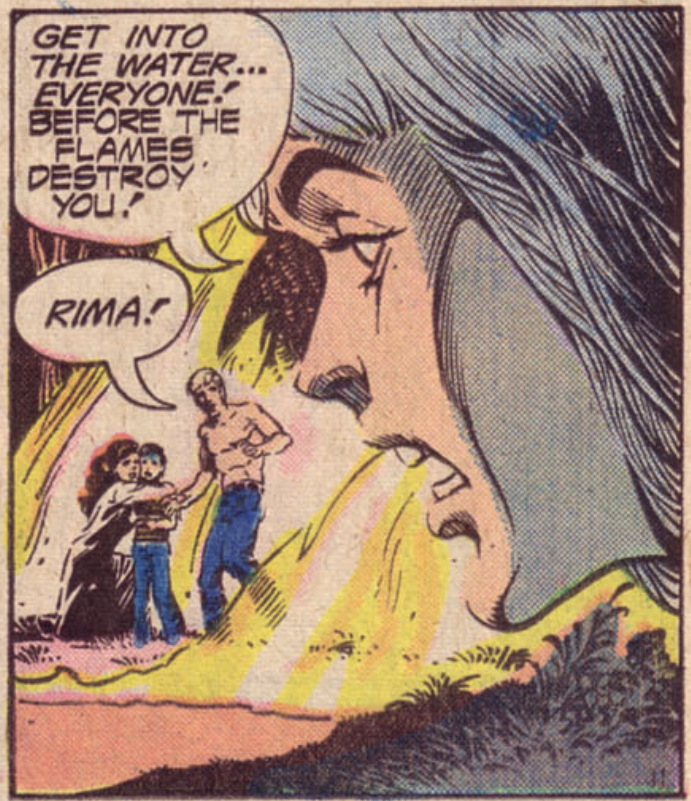
COME
ON.



TOO FRIGHTENED
TO MOVE, CECIL
WHINES PLAINLY...

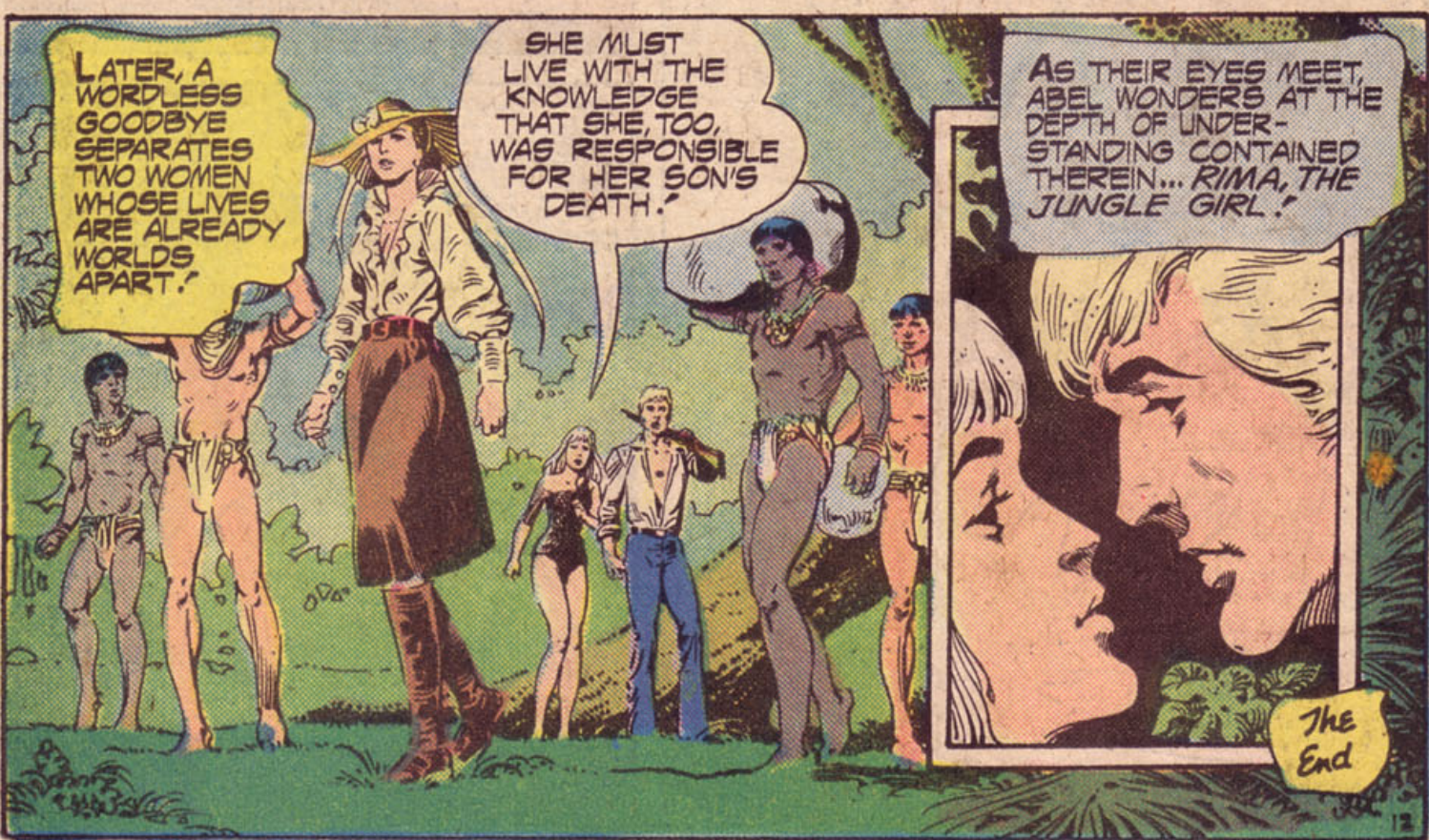
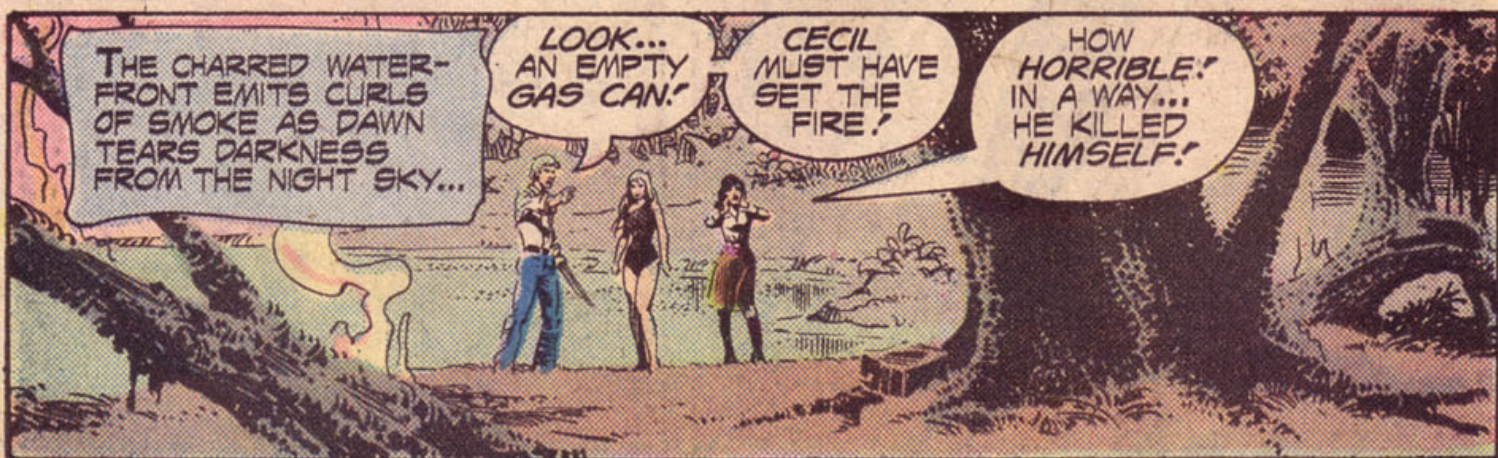
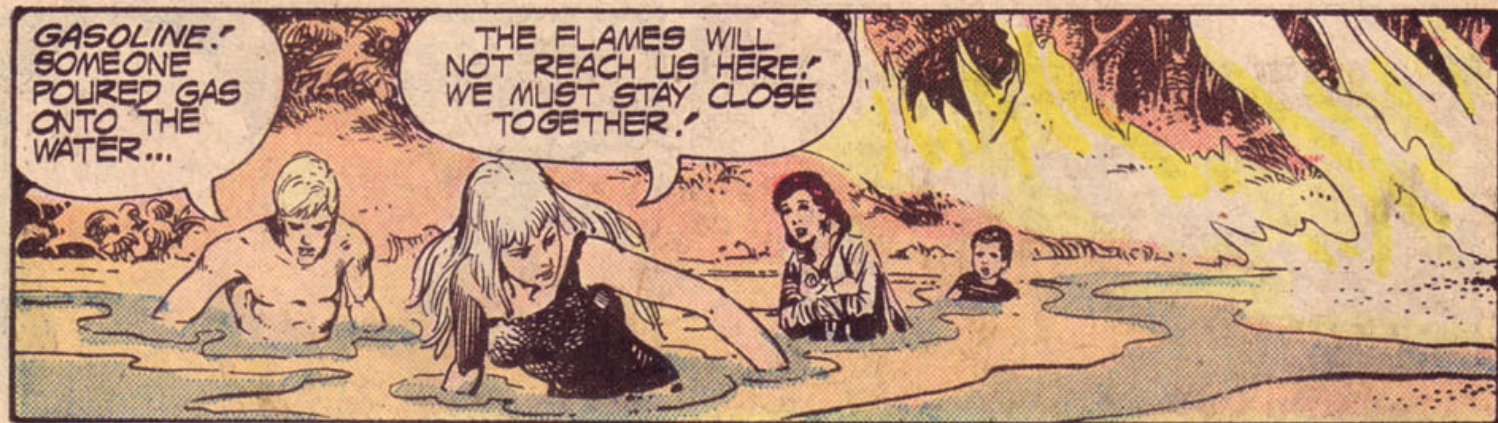
DID YOU
START THIS?
YOU... YOU ARE
INSANE.

M-MOTHER...
I DIDN'T
MEAN TO--



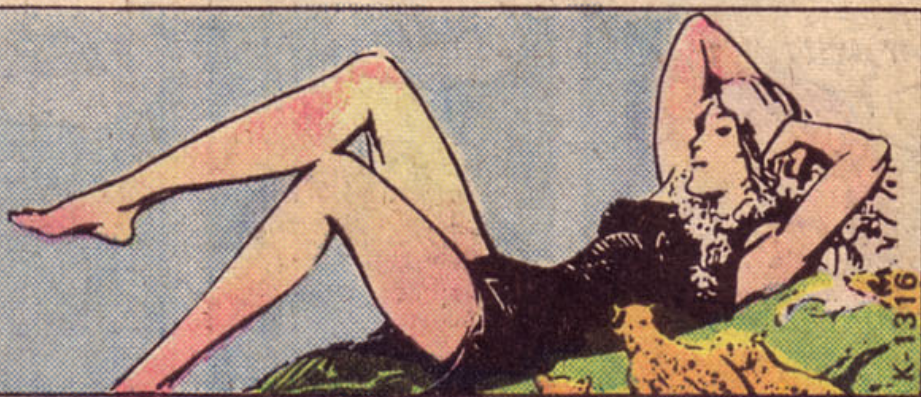
GET INTO
THE WATER...
EVERYONE!
BEFORE THE
FLAMES
DESTROY
YOU!

RIMA!



The
End

MESSAGES FROM THE DIDI



Dear Joe:

The conclusion of the four-part origin of **RIMA THE JUNGLE GIRL** was wholly up to standard in artwork (especially on page 10) by Nestor Redondo. The writing of the tale created a unique stream of consciousness effect. The burning of the old tree and the carnage of the Malagar were greatly underplayed to bring the story to a really fine finish when **RIMA** finds Abel. Your cover was excellent, and reminded me of **TARZAN** saving D'Arnot. I am waiting to see where the series is taken in the future. Don't let Abel become anything less than the leader of men that he is. He is too strong a character to have to be constantly rescued by **RIMA**.

Gerard Hughes, Wayne, New Jersey

Dear Joe:

Look what I found! An article from the Associated Press, that appeared in the San Jose Mercury/News, about a tribe of fair-haired, white-skinned "Indians" in the Amazon River basin. Hope your readers find it interesting!

Lynne Pope, San Jose, California

The article in question appears elsewhere in this issue. Who's to say what's possible and what isn't, where the timeless and trackless jungle is concerned?

Our thanks to Ms. Pope for discovering the story and forwarding it to us so that we could share it with you. If anyone discovers the follow-up, please send it in; in fact, ANY interesting articles or facts that we can share with you, our readers, will always be welcome.

Dear Joe:

Every time I read **RIMA the Jungle Girl** I am entranced by Nestor Redondo's beautiful, captivating art... He's great on **SWAMP THING**, sure... but on **RIMA**, there is just nobody who can touch him! Take **RIMA #6**, "Safari of Death"... Each page had a masterpiece. On page one, the dark, verdant campsite; pages 2-3, the scene where **RIMA** runs into the jungle, flanked by those magnificent leopards; page 5, that gorgeous pose of **RIMA**; page 7, that beautiful scene from the tree-top; page 8, the alligators giving passage to **RIMA**; page 10, that mind-boggling descent of the birds... and pages 13-14, the attack of the white jaguar.

It usually takes me fifteen minutes to read a 20 page comic, but Nestor's graphics were so stunning that it took me an entire hour to read the 13 page tale... and that doesn't count the many times I've RE-read it!

RIMA #6 is the best example of comic-book art that I have seen in many, many years. Congratulations!

Bob Rodi, Oak Brook, Ill.

Dear Bob:

I know what you mean... It took me an hour to proofread; and I was reading it directly from the original artwork, without the benefit of Liz Safian's beautiful coloring! Of course, as is usually the case with works of genius, the response was not uniform...

Dear Joe:

RIMA #5 was a nice, simple tale. The only problem is that it was TOO simple. This is the only issue that I've been disappointed in; the first four were perfect!

The story didn't give us much to grab on to. There was no meat to it; only a trite, cliched plot. Hopefully, this was only a fluke; I like the book very much, and wouldn't want to see it go down the drain. I DID think the book was definitely worth 20c, thanks to the presence of Nestor's unbelievable artwork. He's just sensational!

"Space Voyagers" is really a fine idea, but I wish that it could be given much more space (although not at **RIMA**'s expense). The five-page length doesn't allow for the true scope of the tales to come through as much as they should. Given more space, Bob Kanigher and Alex Nino could both do more with it!

I'm sorry this was a negative letter, but I hope I've gotten across what I do and do not like about **RIMA**. **RIMA** is much too good to fall by the wayside!

Dean Mullaney, Staten Island, New York

Dear Dean:

We repeat; we're always glad to hear from our readers and, as much as positive letters are looked forward to, we welcome constructive negative letters as well.

Dear Joe:

How about giving the colorist credit in this magazine, since **RIMA** is one of the only comics that would NOT look better as a black-and-white!

Steve Lambey, Mogadore, Ohio

Dear Steve:

Liz Safian and Tatjana Wood have handled the coloring for **RIMA The Jungle Girl**!

Allan Asherman
Editorial Assistant

JUNGLE WHITE MEN: FACT OR FICTION?

K-1277

By Allan Asherman

From the wilds of San Jose, California, a news item came to our attention. Carried by the Associated Press, it created sufficient questions in our minds for us to realize that you, too, would be interested in such an amazing report. In this day and age, when science is exposing secret after secret at a regular pace, the most unknown quantity remains our own planet. While we create complex calculators the size of match-boxes, and experiment with three-dimensional television, virtually nothing is known about certain still-unexplored areas of the world.

.....

The article, datelined Rio De Janeiro, Brazil, began: "Disappearing into the forest for days, a small band of Brazilian Indian workers came out of the wild Amazon jungle with astonishing news . . . they had contacted white Indians." Ordinarily, this report could have been traced to a rumor, a practical joke on someone's part, or the misunderstanding of a story heard third-hand. But the people who reported this are part of Brazil's National Indian Foundation.

Representatives of the Foundation (F.U.N.A.I.) are regularly sent into the jungles to explore various areas and bring back as much information as possible. They are explorers; they know the land better than anyone else. They've lived around the general vicinity all their lives. And they're trained to visit the most obscure and unusual places, to treat their observations coldly and scientifically. These people would not be liable to joke, or report third-hand information without verification. Besides, the party of explorers actually **DISCOVERED** the white-skinned Indians. They **SAW** these previously unknown people living the exciting day-to-day routine of life within the jungle.

As proof-positive, the expedition's leader wrote up a detailed report of his party's observations, and sent this on to National Indian Foundation headquarters. The party was exploring the Ipixuna River, which later flows into the Xingu River. The Xingu, in turn, later becomes a tributary of the Amazon River.

Parts of the leader's report describe the appearance of the jungle in this area:

"Nature is magnificent and tough in that region. Toucans, parrots, and a countless variety of other birds chatter through the jungle which also hosts the enormous anaconda snake that takes month-long naps while digesting capybara pigs swallowed whole."

More striking is the article's description of the Indians themselves:

"The white, blonde-haired, blue-eyed Indians were swimming in the Ipixuna River, the men claimed after they emerged from the tangled forest. The Indians were friendly and showed no fear of the intruders. Although the white-skinned Indians spoke a completely strange language, the



F.U.N.A.I. men said they managed to communicate and discovered the tribe had close to 100 members."

The report so startled the head of F.U.N.A.I.'s Commission of Amazon Affairs, who is a professional anthropologist, that he immediately left his office and flew to the city of Altamira to interview the members of the expedition. He advanced a theory on the origin of the mysterious tribe:

"The phenomenon may be explained by the presence of white men in remote times who might have stayed there and mixed with the Indian population."

The leader of the expedition that stumbled onto the white-skinned natives, had still another idea:

"Despite the color difference," he said, the yet unnamed tribe "may belong to the Acurini group, which holds to common customs and lives in the same region. One of the white women we met was carrying her child in a roughly woven cotton sling. Rudimentary cotton weaving is a technique peculiar to the Acurinis."

Of course, living in the same vicinity as the Acurini, the white-skinned people may simply have been befriended over the years, and the Acurini skills may have been taught to them.

The unfortunate thing about such a discovery is that the way of life of these white natives will certainly be disrupted, if not completely changed. The process of change has started already; helicopter flights have been scheduled over their land, in an effort to spot more such settlements, if there are any. The Indian Foundation has also appointed an anthropologist to study the people.

As of the writing of the article, no official opinion of the tribe's origin had been expressed. Are they the descendants of past explorers who stayed for some reason and married into the native tribes? Or are they the great-great grandchildren of lost treasure-hunters? Anything is possible, and until more is learned no one will be sure the white-skinned natives of the Ipixuna River region are related to the same legends that gave rise to the stories of **RIMA THE JUNGLE GIRL**.